

THE LOYAL HEALTH.

A Court Song, to a Delicate new Tune, called,

At the Foot of a Willow, close under the Shade,

[1.]

13. June. 1682.

[4.]

Since Plotting's a Trade,
Like the rest of the Nation :
Let 'em Lie, and Swear on,
To keep up the Vocation ;
Let Tinkers, and Weavers,
And *Joiners* agree,
To find work for the *Cooper*,
They'll have none of me ;
Let Postick Shams,
In the States-man abound,
While we quaff our Bumpers,
And set the Glass round :
The jolly true Toper's
The best Subject still,
Who drinks off his Liquor,
And thinks no more ill.

[2.]

Then let us stand to't,
And like honest Men fall,
Who love King and Country,
Duke, Dutchess and all ;
Not such as wou'd blow up
The Nation by stealth,
And out of the flame
Raise a new Common-wealth :
Nor such, who against Church
And Bishops do rage,
To advance old *Jack Presbyter*,
On the new Stage.
But to all honest *Tories*,
Who'll fight for their King,
And to Crown the brave Work,
With the Court we'll begin.

[3.]

Here's a Health to the King,
And his Lawful Successors,
To honest *Tantivies*,
And *Loyal Addressors* ;
But a pox take all those,
That promoted *Petitions*
To Poyson the Nation,
And stir up *Seditions* ;
Here's a Health to the Queen,
And her Ladies of Honour,
And a pox take all those,
That put Sham-Plots upon her.
Here's a Health to the Duke,
And the Senate of *Scotland*,
To all honest Men,
That from *Bishops* ne're got-Land.

Here's a Health to *L'esfrange*,
And the boon *Heraclitus* :
With true Tory *Thompson*
Who never did slight us ;
But confounding *Froom*, *Paulin*.
And Alderman *Wright*,
With *Tony* and *Bethel*,
Ignoramus, and *Titus* :
Here's a Health to the Church,
And all those that are for it,
Confusion to Zealots,
And *Whigs* that abhor it ;
May it ever be safe,
From the new mode Refiners
And Justice be done
Upon *Coopers* and *Joiners*.

[5.]

Here's a Health to old *Hall* —, *Thallice*
Who our joys did restore ;
And pox take each Popular
Son of a Whore ;
To the *Spaniard* and *Dave*,
The brave *Russian* and *Moor*,
Who come from far Nations,
Our King to adore ;
To all that do Worship,
The God of the Vine,
And to old Jolly *Bowman*
Who draws us good Wine ;
And as for all Traytors,
Whether *Baptist* or *Whig*,
May they all trot to *Tyburn*,
To dance the old Jig.

[6.]

Here's a Health to all those,
Love the King and his Laws,
And may they near Pledge it
That Broach the *Old Cause*.
Here's a Health to the State,
And a Plague on the Pack
Of *Common-wealth* Canters
And *Presbyter Jack* ;
To the uppermost pendent
That ever did play
On the highest Top-gallant
Oth' Sovereign oth' Sea ;
And he that denies,
To the Standard to lore,
May he sink in the Ocean,
And never Drink more.

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